

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 1, 1913

FOR MAYOR,
Patrick A. Joyce.
FOR CITY CLERK,
Harvey Rostler.
CITY JUDGE,
Patrick Houlahan.
COUNCILMEN-AT-LARGE,
J. A. McCullough, George N. Whitman and Joseph Paldit.
COUNCILMAN, FIRST WARD,
George Cimmerman.
SECOND WARD,
Sevor Thompson.
THIRD WARD,
Jere T. Hagerty.
FOURTH WARD,
Andrew Siefert.
FIFTH WARD,
George Phillips.
SIXTH WARD,
John K. Smogor.
SEVENTH WARD,
Gustav F. Haslanger.

THE PEOPLE UNDERSTAND.

The political campaign is drawing to a close.

The little band of political freebooters posing as God's special agents in this campaign have waged a nasty and abusive war on democratic candidates—in a general way.

The public, who have a right to know—have not been favored with one specific example of official wrong doing which reflects upon Mr. Joyce as a candidate for mayor.

Posing as apostles of righteousness, the little coterie of narrow souls have resorted to the foulest efforts at misrepresentation to deceive the honest voter who really wants to know the truth, and is entitled to know the truth.

When the Tribune consulted the city reports and learned that the liquor license fees for 1912 exceeded those of 1911, that insincere and designing advocate of righteousness suggested a number of false and misleading explanations for the circumstance. Of course, to the Tribune, some form of crookedness must be involved and the purport of the Tribune's comment was that the city administration had dishonestly connived either to defraud the city in 1911 or to corruptly favor the saloon interests in 1912.

The fact that the higher license fee was not effective until in March, 1911, was well known to the Tribune. That many saloons in 1911 paid the old law fee in that year was equally well known to the Tribune.

But there was an apparent discrepancy and that was enough for a dishonest publication to cast a doubt upon the honesty and efficiency of a democratic administration. It was enough of an excuse for the Tribune to deliberately try to injure the reputation of clean and honorable men.

No matter how false the charge or how great the injury to a fellow-citizen the old Trib. and its pharisaical crowd have found no depths too low for them to descend to effect their sinister purposes.

Billy Sunday characterized such conduct when he said that such men "would have to use a step ladder to get into hell."

But the public is not easily fooled. The people see a total failure of specific charges involving bad faith, dishonesty, or inefficiency. The people see that no act of Mr. Joyce's long career as a public servant reflects any discredit on him.

And the people resent the widely spread general charges. When inefficiency is charged but no specific instance can be shown; when dishonesty is charged but not one specific instance can be cited; when favoritism in contract letting is charged but no definite instance is revealed; the people lose faith in these assassins of character and resent the unwarranted aspersions by the self seekers.

And this resentment will be recorded in the vote next Tuesday.

If dishonesty exists the people want to know it. The person revealing the same is to be appreciated for such service. But where none exists the people condemn as cowardly and unworthy a mean effort to misrepresent officials and deceive the public by general statements, unsupported by facts.

TREADING ON AIR.

Two notes of alarm were sounded from the same platform and on the same evening at the meeting of the Bankers' Association of America in Chicago. One was from James J. Hill, warning the bankers, and the other from Frank A. Vanderlip and George M. Reynolds warning congress.

The railroad magnate warned the bankers that if they continue issuing new securities they cannot escape facing a financial situation of an alarming nature. The two bankers warned congress that grave conditions will be precipitated if the proposed Owen-Glass currency bill is passed.

The gist of Mr. Hill's warning is that during the past ten years capital has gone mad. Bond issues and watered stock are greatly in excess of the real values behind them. It was not exactly news, but it was startling to hear him say that the country could live only a few months on its crop

surplus. The country is practically living from hand to mouth.

Take the item of wheat—our bread supply—for example. Subtract our total exports of domestic wheat and flour from the last three years from our total wheat production, said Mr. Hill, and the average surplus retained for home consumption is less than 600,000,000 bushels per annum. The 97,000,000 people living in the United States require 630,500,000 bushels every year to keep from being hungry and supply seed for the new crop.

And what is true of our bread supply is more than true of most other necessities that we produce and consume.

The wealth of the country is in a similar condition according to Mr. Hill. Most of it is not available for consumption, yet in 1912 the issue of new securities averaged nearly \$7,000,000 for every business day. The total was more than \$2,000,000,000.

Excessive borrowing, induced by extravagance and recklessness is accountable for this. Speculation and investment have gone mad in their rush for profit.

A REPUBLICAN EXTRAVAGANCE.

Rep. Vinley H. Gray of Indiana expressed a wholesome sentiment when he arose in the house and protested against the proposition made by Rep. Mann of Illinois to take a subscription among the members for the purchase of a handsome wedding present for Miss Jessie Wilson, daughter of the president.

Rep. Gray took the broad ground that a message of congratulation from the members of the house would be more in accordance with the proprieties than an expensive present, the money expended for which might better be given to the poor. He went further and denounced the whole system of indiscriminate present giving as a relic of feudalism and servility.

We should entertain the hope that Rep. Gray has started something on a subject of vital social interest. Things have come to such a pass that the modern wedding has become commercialized. It is no longer a matter of sentiment, but of business. People invited to a wedding now base their acceptance on an ability to purchase a present suited to the wealth and social position of the bride.

If they cannot afford to purchase the present they respond to the invitation with regrets. This is not altogether true, but too much so. In the sordid desire to make a showing in the display of gifts the real and beautiful sentiment of the occasion has become submerged. The tendency of congratulations is a more or less cold formality. The present is the thing that counts, perhaps not as much with the bride as those who give it.

So we should hope that Rep. Gray has started a reform in one of the many extravagances of the time which have become vulgarities, and that the sentiment of genuine good will may be restored to its proper and more enduring expression.

FOR COUNCIL—GEORGE E. CIMMERMAN.

The first ward is one of the largest in the city and its representative in the city council should be a man who is acquainted with his ward and its needs, with the city and its needs. He should be a man experienced in business, sound in judgment and with enough time at his disposal to do more than attend council meetings.

In George E. Cimmerman, democracy presents such a man to the voters of the first ward at the coming election. Mr. Cimmerman has lived in South Bend for some 30 years and has been a successful druggist for the last two decades. Mr. Cimmerman's conception of the duty of a councilman is to be useful, intelligent and efficient.

"If I am elected," said Mr. Cimmerman, "I intend to get the sentiment of the people of my ward on all public questions and to follow their judgment. I shall hold myself ready to take up and initiate any legislation that the people want. There are things coming up right along that the people want changed and improved. As these things are presented to me, I shall take them up and if they are fair and right will try to put them through. As councilman I would try to be as useful as possible to the people. I am in a position to give quite a little time to the people's welfare and should regard it as my duty to do so."

Citizens who wish to cast their vote for a business administration of city affairs should read the record on which the democratic party presents its candidates. It is convincing.

Bill Happ might not want an office under the new administration if Fred Keller is elected. It might seem a small reward for his utterly unselfish (?) services.

The democratic platform in this campaign is its record for the past twelve years. Read it in the substan-

tial progress the city of South Bend has made.

Fred Keller should worry over what the Tribune will do to him if he is elected mayor and doesn't do as he is told.

The so-called citizens' ticket has nothing to recommend it but promises. The democratic ticket has a record of economy and efficiency behind it.

Only three more days before election. Plenty of time to find the rottenness in the so-called citizens' movement if you have not already discovered it.

With Grandma Trib. and Bill Happ as the powers behind the throne Fred Keller as mayor would look like a midget in a giant's arm chair.

Voting the democratic ticket next Tuesday means party unity and strength for the elections that will come later.

With the democracy of South Bend solidly united behind its ticket it is practically all over but the shouting.

Every democrat has a duty to perform next Tuesday, and under the circumstances it should be a pleasure.

Political promises have a soft and seductive sound, but they lack the true metallic ring of performance.

MARRIED LIFE THE SECOND YEAR THE SPOKEN PROMISE.

The oysters and soup had been served. And now Jane placed in front of Mr. Curtis a huge platter with its immense turkey. A gay red ribbon tied together its legs and bits of holly "Quite a festive bird," laughed Frank, who sat next to Helen.

"What did it weigh, mother," asked Carrie, always intensely practical.

"Why, I ordered a twenty-pound, at this is only 18. They said they didn't have any good 20-pound turkeys at the time."

"Well, I guess it will feed this family," commented Mr. Curtis, as carving knife in hand he turned the platter critically for an advantageous point of attack.

"Nobody's hungry in the middle of the day," complained Frank. "I don't see why, just because it's a holiday we have to punish ourselves by having a big dinner at luncheon time."

"Because of the servants," answered his mother, "they always expect a half day."

"Then I'd pay 'em extra and get some one else to serve the dinner at the regular hour, so we wouldn't all eat a lot of stuff in the middle of the day and then feel stupid and uncomfortable all afternoon."

"Now, young man, I guess we can dispense with any further criticism from you," remarked his father. And Frank promptly subsided.

Helen repressed a smile. The iron hand with which her father-in-law ruled his family always evoked in her a certain amusement as well as resentment. Carrie and her children were the only ones who escaped his sharp rebukes. Carrie had always been his favorite, and her children, though badly spoiled, rarely received his censure.

Roy, the youngest, was now pounding the table with a spoon, but no one seemed to notice.

"Where's that steel?" frowned Mr. Curtis. "This knife is not fit to carve with."

"Why I just sharpened it," murmured Mrs. Curtis. "I thought it was all right."

Jane brought the steel and Mr. Curtis began the sharpening with almost vicious energy.

Helen flushed and bit her lips. The grating of steel against steel always hurt her. Mr. Curtis knew this, for several times when she was fastened to the table when she was sharpened the knife.

And now he noticed her involuntary shiver.

"Don't like that, eh? It's time you were getting used to it. No sense in giving way to foolish whims!" and he calmly and deliberately continued to sharpen the knife—long and much longer than was really necessary.

The angry color flew to Helen's face and it took all her self-control to repress a bitter retort. But this was Christmas and she had resolved to keep it a harmonious day.

There might have been an awkward silence here had not Roy suddenly demanded:

THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

WHEN Mrs. Eaton was acquitted of the charge of poisoning her husband the audience broke into a cheer, which was quickly silenced by the bailiffs. To cheer or applaud the verdict of a court or jury is regarded as indecorous and destructive of the dignity of judicial proceedings.

We have never before asked why, but we ask it now. Why?

We applaud noble principles in the public forum, we manifest our approval of lofty sentiments at the theater; we have even had the temerity to clap our hands in church. Why must we keep silent in the courts?

Are they less human and more divine? Are they so infallible that a righteous decision may not provoke expressions of approval?

Intensive Politics at Crown Point.

(Gary Tribune.) "How are things in a political way down at Crown Point?" asked one of Mr. Jones' friends the other day.

"Oh, rather quiet," replied the county seat man. "Well, who are some of the candidates?" he was asked.

"Why, I heard that I am the candidate for councilman from my ward. I am not just sure. Someone was telling me on the car that they filed a petition for me, but I haven't had time to look into it yet," he said.

BEANS have attained the dignity of an issue in Boston. A man who found only 42 on his plate threw a stone through the restaurant window and justified his conduct. Query: How many beans should a plate contain?

We Had Not Thought of That. (Kendallville News-Sun.)

When you come to think of it in the light of the well known law of gravitation, the leaves can do nothing but fall.

IF the stork is loafing in St. Joseph county perhaps it has not been fed.

Sticking Close to His Name. (Argus Reflector.) Mr. Oak has shipped 150 shade trees to Chicago.

IT is a source of mild curiosity to us that society editors have not availed themselves of the use of those almost universally adaptable words, pleasantly and delightfully.

An Absorbing Occupation. Sir: Pardon my remissness. I am struggling with the problem of what I did with my summer wages.

CONTRIB.

DOLL I' THE GRASS

BY AUNT GERTIE. Chapter II. Why there sat "Doll I' the Grass" on a tiny chair. She was so lovely and so smart.

"Where are you going?" she asked. "So he told her all about how he was one of 12 sons sent out by the king father to find wives for themselves. He also told her they were ordered to get wives who could spin, weave and sew a shirt in a day."

"But if you will only say you will be my wife, I will not go a step farther," said he, for he had fallen in love with the little Doll at first sight. She was quite willing. So she set about spinning, weaving and sewing the shirt at once.

It was very, very, very tiny, just about—so long. Pickle set off home with it as soon as it had been completed, although he felt ashamed of it because it was so small.

Still the king was satisfied and said Pickles could have the little maid for his wife.

Pickles rushed back as fast as he could to get her. When he reached "Doll I' the Grass," Pickles wanted to take her up on his horse. But she was so small he could not do it.

"No, I will ride in a silver spoon," said she. "I will have two white horses to draw me, too."

So off they started; he on his horse; she in the little silver spoon. What do you think? The two horses were two tiny white mice.

Pickles always kept the other side of the road because he was so afraid that he might tip the little maid over out of the bowl of the spoon.

After a while they came to a big sheet of water which they must cross. Pickles' horse shied, jumped across the road and toppled little Miss Doll out of the spoon.

She fell into the water and Pickles moaned aloud, for he thought he had lost her.

But pretty soon the unexpected happened!

children. Everything revolved around them.

Glad It Was Over. They had been invited to play to supper, and the Christmas tree afterwards. But before that came, Helen made Warren promise that she need not stay for the tree if she did not wish.

Winifred was too young to be kept up so late, besides the light and noise would only frighten her. And as to herself—she had about all of "Carrie's children" that she could stand. And of course the tree was chiefly for them.

So she sought out Warren, and persuaded him to take her home about five. He seemed not unwilling—evidently he also had had enough.

And when at last they were in a taxicab on their way, Helen leaned back with a sigh of infinite relief.

"Well, what kind of a day did you have?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm so glad it's over!" He made no comment, but she knew that he, too, was glad.

BRIEF ILLNESS IS FATAL Jesse Gitchell, 738 Sherman Av., Dies at His Home.

Jesse Gitchell, 738 Sherman av., died at his home Friday afternoon at 12:30 o'clock of diabetes after an illness of two weeks. Mr. Gitchell was born in Berrien county, Mich., Mar. 24, 1861, and came to this city from Niles one year ago this month. He is survived by one son, Orville T. Gitchell, who lives at the residence.

In Good Old Times.

(North Judson News.) In good old times when Hiram went to school

And learned to cipher by the third rule He wore overalls and had but one galus.

His feet were bare and his hands were calous. But he carried his slate with a jaunty air

And didn't care at all if his feet were bare. For all the other fellows were dressed in that style.

And he knew he'd become great after a while. The girls didn't powder nor dress so swell.

But good soap and water did them just as well. With a calico dress and a right clean face

A good looking girl looks good any place. Domestic science was then taught at home.

Mother as teacher and they had to go some. Agriculture was taught in the field

With a heavy scythe or hoe to wield. Theory is good as far as it goes

But practice makes perfect, everyone knows. Father and mother likes theories too.

But don't like to have all the practice to do. When Hiram tells how things used to be

What fun they had then and how we Don't have such times as that any more

I feel like saying, "It makes me so sore. Get out that old time honored slate

And scratch your old bald pate And write in letters large and straight That you are sadly out of date.

QUALIFICATIONS for women policemen in Chicago require that they shall be 30 to 40 years old, height from five feet to five feet nine inches, weight from 115 to 180 pounds. Still, if they are good looking there may be a sentimental pleasure in being pinched by them.

HUERTAELL is Mexico drifting? THE more expensive the present the house may give Jessie Wilson the cheaper it will look.

GENUINE sentiment is not a purchasable product. NO metal so pure that it wouldn't look like junk.

C. N. F.

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